

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Must Begin Real Young to Grow Old Gracefully

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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To grow old gracefully one must begin when very young; it is like dancing, swimming or speaking foreign tongues—a thing not to be perfectly acquired suddenly or if begun too late.

"Grandma is so hypocritical, so fault-finding, so censorious; she has no sympathy with young people!" cries the blooming granddaughter who, ten years later, will tear to tatters the character or costume of some companion with her sarcastic comments. She does not realize that every time she indulges this habit she takes one more step toward that hideous goal of disagreeable old age.

The extremely well behaved young girl, who has never been tempted and who cannot understand how another could commit a folly, is certain to become the most censorious of old women. If she does not develop into a cruel, malicious-tongued scandalmonger it will be a wonder. Nothing is so easy as the descent from uncharitableness to malice.

As a young girl she grows herself upon her love of morality and good behavior; all her friends speak of her as "such a strict girl" in her ideas. No one would think of appealing to her for sympathy or advice in an hour of temptation, but she is respected for her high ideals. If feared for her severity. As an old woman she is simply held in abhorrence, and her name becomes a neighborhood synonym for cruel judgment.

Criticism of our frail fellow beings is a vice which takes possession of us like a stimulant or a drug, once we encourage it. It may begin in our high moral standard and our hatred of sin, but once it becomes a habit we indulge it for the pleasure it gives us. It is a bad habit in the young; in the old it is intolerable. Nothing renders old age interesting or lovable save sympathy for the young and charity for the erring.

It is strange that we all do not grow charitable as we grow old. As we learn more and more of our own frailties, and more and more of the temptations and illusions of life, we ought to become more and more tender and pitying. One can be sympathetic without encouraging vice and wrongdoing or cloaking sin.

The girl with no object or aim in life save to "have a good time" and outshine her companions must look forward to a miserable old age; for after a certain time we become unsatisfied with our gossamer in a pursuit for gawdy, and if

we have formed no other tastes or habits, the only occupation there is a wretched outlook for us.

The petted daughter and society belle usually builds an indestructible and solid reason work of only old age for herself in her youth, and all her friends, relatives and admirers lend a helping hand.

She is a belle and a favorite which she is young; but she makes a poor wife, and a worse mother, and a most detestable old woman. She has never known what it was to give up anything for the sake of others, and she is forever thrusting her "nerves" and her "sensitive feelings" and her whims in the way of others' enjoyment.

All her relatives dislike her, and strangers abhor her. Yet, she is the same sort of old woman that she was child and maiden; only the blossoms and leaves of youth, having fallen away, the bare, brown branch of selfishness is more fully revealed.

There are more disagreeable old men than women in the world, because women, as a rule, are obliged to practice more self-sacrifice and unselfishness and patience in early life than men.

Men who have ruled their households; wives, children, servants and employes by a rod of fear rather than love during youth and middle age make very unpleasant old men. Mentally and physically incapacitated from inspiring fear, they are unable to inspire anything but hatred or the pity which springs from scorn.

Unable to rule, which has been the source of their happiness in earlier days, they pass their old age in carping criticisms and fault-finding of those who succeed them.

The children who have formerly obeyed them only through fear now ignore their wishes and fail to show them the respect due to gray hair—a respect impossible to feel where there are no qualities to inspire it, but which good breeding and humanity ought to impose in seeming.

It is all very well to talk about the love and respect we owe our ancestors, but those are emotions which cannot be prompted by duty. If old people render themselves absolutely unlovable, it is not in the power of their children or grandchildren to love them; but it is possible for those descendants to treat them with kindness, consideration and patience.

An old man who has lived a grasping, mercenary, selfish life cannot expect to be respected on account of his gray hairs; but out of self-respect his children and relatives ought to show forbearance and kindness.

The sons and daughters of such a man will despise the fact that their father is so capacious and unlovable, while at the same time they indulge in habits and cultivate qualities in themselves which will lead them directly to the same goal in time. They forget that one does not grow old in a day—it takes a lifetime to produce old age.

The First Whisper

By Nell Brinkley

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Here is the sweetest season in a maid's cycle of seasons; Summer is full-blown like a queen-roose flushed and arrogant, but paling at the far-off whisper of coming Autumn; Autumn is richly colored and ripened of mind and heart, but touched with the frost of Winter; Winter is warm at the heart under the many feet of snow, but the rime and ice of death lie heavy on its heart, and the Spring that comes is a dream that it only hopes for. But Spring, spring dreams and thrills and stir and is as new as the sand-lily, with its tender, melting petals, that comes with it—and it waits in ecstasy for Summer!

Here is when a maid is only peering over the garden wall. Out of the familiar dark home walks and nooks, into the spreading foreign lands that lie outside, where Prince Charming roves and searches for her face. Here is where a maid writes sheets of romance and hides them away. (This isn't so terrible a thing, mother who discovers them.)

Here is when a maid can stare longest into space and think of nothing at all—at all! For far over the hills that loom ahead is the rosy glow of Love's cheeks as he strides fast along. And the glimmer of it blinds her eyes and the eyes of her heart and mind, and makes Dreams go by her side—a plucking at her sleeve. Here is where her eyes cloud with woman-things over the clear blankness of a baby look. Here a maid clambers into the highest tree to see the far mirage—and asks a thousand questions of the God who whispers in her ear.

And here—so that the Summer may be sweet and wholesome and all the dreams that maybe come true—so that the tender buds that blow may not be withered under the fire of Illusions falsely lost—when the maid, slipping out of midly and blowing curls into dancing frock and hair twisted high and proud, needs to grow in the country and with her hand tight held within her mother's.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Maid and the Cynic

By ANN LISLE.

There was once a girl who thought that honesty was indeed the best policy. She didn't tell the truth from any high motives. When telling it would have been of no advantage to her, she said it, just as a matter of fact, capital out of the fact that when she did talk she told facts.

Everyone said "Genevieve is so honest. She actually plays fair with all her friends. She is one of the few girls who knows how charming truth is. She is sweet and sane and honest."

That is almost everyone said this. There was a cynic who smiled and murmured something about a frontal attack being unexpected to the masculine heart which was reasonably well prepared for an ambush.

And Genevieve hearing this sought out the cynic and told him with great play of honesty that he had guessed it and that she was honest because it paid—but that he was the first man who had suspected that she was using her honesty—as a weapon. And she added that she would like to be friends with a man clever enough to read design into what passed for simple honesty.

So the cynic agreed to be friends with Genevieve—but no more. For he assured her that the only type of womanhood that could have charm for him was the elusive and mysterious. But in a charmless relation where simple friendship and no more was expected or given, he would be glad to know Genevieve.

And they entered upon the friendship. And Genevieve babbled to him of how nice Harold and Richard and Thomas were to her, and even as Thomas and Richard and Harold, he was pleased to hear of his friends' popularity and asked her out but occasionally and saw her but once or twice a month, since there were plenty of other men to keep her amused and to save her from the loneliness and ennui and boredom, which no true friend of the feminine sex was ever currier.

And Genevieve, being fairly wise in her generation, began to observe that the cynic (declared friend and declared never possible lover) was not treating her one whit differently than were the many friends whose regard she had always imagined might someday be stimulated into jealousy and so to love by the artlessly artful tales of "other men" she told.

And so Genevieve began to wonder if this collection of honest friends honestly treated was getting her anywhere—or if she was doomed, in spite of her swarms of masculine acquaintances and friends, to drift unloved upon the lonely shores of old-maidhood.

Honesty is the best policy, but you can play it two ways.

So suddenly she ceased telling the cynic about her friends Harold and Richard and Thomas. Nor to them did she speak of her remarkable friendship with the cynic.

And to one another said Harold and Richard and Thomas, "Good Genevieve is such a simple, honest little thing. She never talks about the old cynic any more. Do you think that stomp, that clump, that cad could have made her care—could he be hurting her? A cynic is a dangerous person for a woman to know."

And the cynic began to wonder what sort of game she could be playing with him on her honesty in the best policy basis. And if she were playing a game with him, she was honest no more, but mysterious and charming and elusive.

And he might as well love her as any other woman. For it is much more painful to fancy, cause for jealousy when a rival is half-guessed and imagined than when a woman tells you all about him and in the very telling takes you into her confidence and makes you feel like her grandmother or maiden aunt.

So the cynic invited Genevieve to be his love.

But Genevieve was considering proposals of marriage from Harold and Richard and Thomas—who as soon as they began to consider her in the light of a poor little thing whose heart the cynic might have broken, discovered that she had a heart and that it ought to be patched up. And each had been assured with candor and honesty by Genevieve that it was not the cynic who had hurt her. And each had wondered if the honest little thing who had always told the truth told no more because it was he—

Man is a responsive animal—and a little silence on the part of a woman is a dangerous thing. Genevieve married Richard in the end—because, as she honestly informed the others, he was by far the most eligible and suitable. Which was true. His father had a sausage factory.

Moral: Honesty is the best policy—especially if you add the fitness of sudden, all-expressive silences.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating its story.

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SYNOPSIS

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be independent. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches desperately for June, and learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist.

TWELFTH EPISODE

The Spirit of the Marsh.

A steam saw, with black smoke pouring from its smokestack, suddenly stopped its churning halfway across New York bay as the principal passenger, a long nosed woman with high arched brows, recognized through a wabbly jointed telescope the leaders in a procession of five speedy motorboats which swept rapidly toward her.

"Turn around, quick!" the woman ordered as the first motorboat bore down and she dashed a cinder from her heavy eye. "Here comes the runaway bride!"

"I'm turning the boat now, ma'am," reported a short, thick individual whose round face was one consecutive smudge. "Don't you hear our engine stopping?" "There she goes!" screamed Honoris Blye as the lone, narrow-stemmed gray boat flashed past, bearing, besides its driver, a beautiful young girl in a ruyching costume, protected as much as possible from the flying spray in the arm of a tall man with a self felt hat and a closely knotted cravat.

WEIGH THIS WAY

Three-in-One Oil Co., 47 N. Broadway, New York

A Course in Reading

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Many of my correspondents have been asking me recently to suggest a course of reading. I am taking this means of answering all of them.

In our modern life nothing is more important than a knowledge of current events. "The world do move," and however much one knows of classic lore, if one is not acquainted with the events of one's own day one is vastly ignorant. So first, to all my young friends, I suggest the reading of one or two good newspapers each day. In the editorial column will be found stimulating opinion and information, and on the news sheets an up-to-date calendar of events. To this add either a good weekly or monthly magazine which specializes in reviewing topics of the times.

But when your reading has been kept up to date you will find, if you observe intelligently, all sorts of references and suggestions which pre-suppose a certain amount of knowledge of history, science and literature. And it is along the three lines of history, science and literature that I would suggest reading.

First of all, make up your mind in which your greatest interest lies—the story of the world's progress, the constitution of its actual work or the enjoyment of its great field of imaginative lore. Read very thoroughly along the line which interests you most, but do not neglect the other two.

Next obtain some general history of Europe and study the movements and migrations of the great earth families. Anywhere along the line of this reading it is easy to stop and specialize off into some branch which one finds particularly interesting.

The study of literature as pursued in colleges generally begins with "English Literature from the Beginning of the Norman Conquest." This begins by showing the relation of early Britain to English literature, deals next with the heathen poetry of the old English, and goes on to the poem of Beowulf, which is based on heroic deeds, done back in the 600s.

The man or woman who means seriously to get good reading in our own language should work his way up with

some knowledge of the Caedmon, Bede, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, the Legends of King Arthur and the Round Table of Chaucer and all the early English before Shakespeare's time, including some such simple bits of knowledge as that Edmund Spenser wrote the "Faery Queen," that Christopher Marlowe is the author of "Dr. Faustus" and that people like Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson lived. It is not necessary to go deeply into any such dry thing as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, but, at least, you want to know about them.

Finally, let us consider reading along scientific lines. Here again we have a tremendous field. Perhaps you want to read the biographies of the great scientific discoverers. Do not begin with a man of your own day time—an Edison. Go far back into the days, when science was actually confused with witchcraft and magic. Then you can better understand our own "wizard."

Is your interest in the science of mental states—psychology? Do you care most for biology, or astronomy, or chemistry, or physics? Here is a vast field in which numberless individuals and sciences and schools of thought stand out.

Darwin and Huxley are generally suggested to all those who hold that "the proper study of mankind is man." This class of reading is likely to suggest itself to you only after you have schooled yourself in a preliminary one. And by the time you get to it you will know whether you want to read the philosophy of Schopenhauer, the science in which Galileo was a pioneer, or one of the other great "ologies."

Next obtain some general history of Europe and study the movements and migrations of the great earth families. Anywhere along the line of this reading it is easy to stop and specialize off into some branch which one finds particularly interesting.

Do You Know That

A needle passes through eighty operations in its manufacture.

A good and cheap egg substitute is milk and vinegar, allowing one tablespoonful of milk to one tablespoonful of vinegar, well beaten together.

Resnol

will stop that itch



Don't stand that itching skin-torment one day longer. Go to any druggist and get a jar of Resnol Ointment and a cake of Resnol Soap. Bathe the sick skin with Resnol Soap and hot water, dry, and apply a little Resnol Ointment.

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Resnol Ointment and Resnol Soap contain nothing that could injure or irritate the tender skin. They bear every chemical and scientific test and are a most valuable household remedy for sores, chafings, cuts, burns, piles, etc. For trial size, free, write to Dept. 7-5, Resnol, Baltimore, Md.